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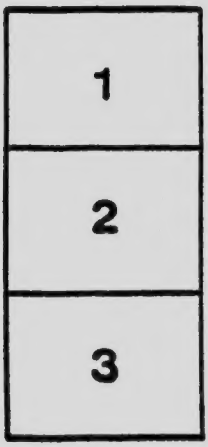

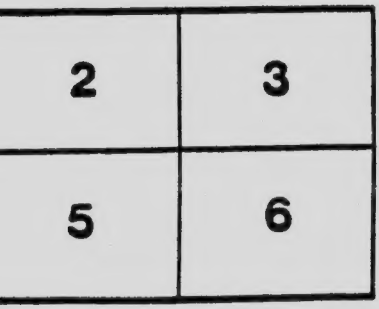

EXPERIENCE

OF

DIVINE HEALING

AND

SALVATION

OF

MRS. MARY E. GAINFORTH,
TRENTON,
ONTARIO,
CANADA.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

June, 1911.

E. P. KYLE. Publisher.
SALEM, OREGON.
U. S. A.

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MARY E. GAINFORTH.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Psalm 103: 1, 2, 3.

INTRODUCTION

BY A. G. WARD.
Mt. Joy. Ont, Canada.
Sec. P. M. U. of Canada.
April. 13th, 1911

TO THE SAINTS OF GOD IN ALL LANDS;

Warmest Christian greetings in the lovely name of Jesus, the victor of Calvary:

Some years ago it was my privilege to come in contact with dear Mrs. Gainfoth. And as I learned of God's marvelous dealings with her, as a result of her unwavering faith in His Word. I rejoiced exceedingly, and prayed she might be used for His glory.

It has afforded me much pleasure to prepare; or rather; assist her, in preparing the following "Papers" for the press. And now we send them forth in Jesus name, asking that they may be made a blessing to many earnest, humble pilgrims all over the earth.

These are wondrous days in which we live, God is not only unfolding truth, but granting unto us many manifestations of the same, for which we should "praise Him with joyful lips."

Your's, waiting for the return of our Lord.

★ ★ ★

HEALED

OF CONSUMPTION:

I was healed on March 25th 1896, in Peterboro, Canada. I never was a strong child from my birth, having inherited a germ of disease from my parents. My father, mother, four brothers and two sisters all died with lung trouble. My brothers and sisters, with the exception of one, died before reaching the age of twenty-three years with consumption. At the age of twenty my health was gone. I was a victom of lung trouble, which affected my left arm to such an extent that for some time I was unable to feed myself, and for eighteen years was not able to lift five pounds with it. I had one child then, was never able to lift him on my lap after he was one year old. I had no cough but expectorated all the time, often spitting blood. I also had female weakness. The doctor said, "Only an operation could give relief." Some doctors said, I would not live to go through it, for my heart was so bad. So my husband would not consent to it.

God alone knows what a sufferer I was, I longed for the time to come to go home with the rest of my loved ones. Two other children took the disease and died.

I was the only one left of my father's family and I often wondered why God did

not take me home. It was a mystery to every one how I lived so long in that state. At times in taking medicine I would get relief so I would be quite comfortable. After I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost God gave me new light on His Word, in reading Matthew 8:17. "Himself took our infirmities, and bare *our* sicknesses." God apoke to me. I said, "Lord, I will trust thee from this hour," but I went on taking medicine just the same. One day as I took the bottle in my hand, God said to me, "You cannot trust me and medicine." I put the bottle back and said, "Lord, I have trusted medicine all my life and it cannot cure me; I will trust thee, Lord, alone." Then came the words of Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." For mouths I suffered with my old trouble, but did not take one dose of medicine. It was an awful struggle for me to give up medicine, for at times I would just long for it. I had no one to help me; the only help I got was through the Christian and Missionary Alliance Paper. Through the paper I learned there was an 'Alliance' Pastor in Peterboro. So I went there and was anointed for healing according to James 5:14,15. I was *instantly healed*, but I did not understand how to keep it, and when the old

symptoms of disease came back I doubted, not knowing satan had power to put them on me again. Neither was I willing to tell it that I had taken the Lord for the healing of my body. I knew I was made fun of and I feared the people, so I lost my healing.

CATARR OF BOWELS.

I was healed on the 16th of August, 1897, at Trenton Ont, Canrda.

A little later another child was given me, and when he was a month old the doctor said, "You have Catarrh of the bowels, which can never be cured." That day I could not feed myself in bed, and was fed with a spoon. My bowels were so weak that I did not know when I had a passage. They laid news papers and cloths under me for it seemed that the lower part of my bowels were paralyzed, and I did not know when I had a passage. For years my bowels dropped from me. It was while using the syringe for my bowels that I found out the lining of my bowels was passing from me The syringe would fill up, and by careful examination I saw it was just like thin tissue paper cut in strings. Telling the doctor I could not use the syringe and the cause of it, he said, "It was the

lining of my bowels, and CATARRH of BOWELS." I did not wonder at it, for I had Catarrh from my babyhood in my *head, ears, throat, stomache*, and at last it went to my *bowels*, and I also had ULCERATION in my ears so that I had to wear cotton in my ears for twenty years. I asked for my Bible, saying, "Lord, give me a verse for to-day. This was given me, Ephesians 5: 17. "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is." I said, "Lord, I want to know thy will concerning my healing?" Then these words were given me. "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil." Acts 10:38. I saw then as never before that disease came from the devil. I wrote with my head lying on the pillow and the card on the Bible to a friend in Peterboro, to set time to pray for me. I also sent a card to Miss Wood in New York. The next day I was worse. My friends begged me to take some medicine. I did not answer them I was in such trouble to know what to do. I pleaded with God to send some one that would stand by me until I got the victory. And these words were given to me, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will de-

liver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Ps. 50:15. Sister Pe t of Peterboro came to me, being directed by the Lord, and gave me this scripture, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil 4:19. She told me to, "Look to Christ the fountain of life within," for my strength. Then we claimed 1 John 1:9, to cleanse me 'from all unrighteousness.' As I trusted the witness came. Soon the word came, "If you are cleansed from all unrighteousness, rise up and dress in the strength of Jesus." I obeyed and the strength was given. Then I walked out into the other room, my husband was delighted to see me walking out. I ate green beans and potatoes for dinner. For two weeks I had not eat anything but toast and boiled milk For three days my faith was tested; I was so weak it seemed that every step I took I would fall. The third day I thought I would fall, I went to sit down on a chair and the quickening power of God went up my spine and it seemed that every bone unjointed. I said, "Lord what is it?" And the Spirit said, "It is the quickening power of God going through your body." "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the

dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. viii. 11. From that moment I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. I praise God! Every trace of the old trouble was gone. Nothing but the power of God could make such a change. This was the 16th of August, 18[illegible]. I find healing, like Salvation, is claimed by constantly looking to Jesus, drawing our life from Him moment by moment. Oh, it is a blessed experience to be leaning on His breast breathing our very life from Him. I had no nourishment for my child, but in three days I had all nourishment that was needed. I let him nurse until I weaned him. In fourteen months I took him away from the breast all at once and there never came one drop in my breast after. God had just supplied the need. I was wonderfully tested at times. About six weeks after I was healed I gathered up a large washing, sitting down to let the baby nurse, with the washing before me. (I had not done a washing like that for eighteen years or more.) Satan said, "You cannot do that big washing." Just for one moment I looked to self, and satan succeeded with my old trouble. I knew I had doubted God, but I fell upon my knees and cried to God for victory and power to keep my

'mind stayed on Him.' In about half an hour I got the victory, and did the washing in the strength of the Lord. When I was washing I could feel, "The life of Jesus being made manifest in my mortal flesh." 2nd Cor. 4.11.

Healed of Inflammation.

Since then I have been wonderfully healed of Inflammation. The pains were like taking my very life, for three days I had an attack come on about the same time; the third time I felt I had not strength to fight it off. I went to lie down on the bed for I could not stand it, when a voice said to me, "If you lie down you will never get out of bed alive." I fell on my knees at the bedside and prayed. I took up a little book on Divine healing to read to get light, my eyes rested upon these words, "We must take it by faith, feeling or no feeling, pains or no pains." I got up, commenced to walk around the house and sang in spite of my feelings, saying, *I know I am healed.* And I sang, prayed and praised God for healing. For two hours when the pains were like taking my very life. All at once they left me. I was terribly bloated and my body was so sore that I could not bear

anyone to step on the floor. In a little while the pains came back. God showed me I must claim victory over the soreness, which I did and was perfectly healed.

The Lord Healed me of CONGESTION of the BLADDER, two weeks before the birth of my last child, FAITH VIOLET. And when she was born January 10th 1900, I took no medicine; but God healed and wonderfully delivered me. And I give God *all the Glory* HALLELUJAH!

When she was a year old I was taken with coughing and raising blood; as I was trusting my Healer I was not much concerned until night. Later when I awakened I was unable to speak, though I realized everything; satan said, "You know you cannot live, for your mother and brother died just that way, they had the best of physicians and yet they died, and so will you." I said, Lord I am ready to go. Then my baby moved on my arm and wanted to nurse, I said, "Lord, is it thy will to take me from my family?" His answer came, "No satan has desired your life and it all depends on your faith." I asked Him for a verse to rest my faith upon. Isaiah 12:2, was given me. "Behold. God *is* my salva-

tion; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength." Now I began to resist the enemy in the name of Jesus, and soon I could speak. I called my husband and asked him to phone for pastor Zimmerman, of Petersburg. I felt the need of some one to stand by me to help me to get victory over the enemy. I could not lie down, had to be bolstered up in the bed, and I was gasping for my breath when pastor Zimmerman came; he inquired how my faith was? I told him that 'the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength.' In Him I was trusting. He told me that death was already set in my body, but Jesus had conquered it. He gave me Hebrews 2:14. "That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." He came and laid his hands on my lungs and prayed, as he did so I felt as though my lungs would be torn out, the suffering was so intense. I breathed in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Some relief came so I could lie down. That day my loved ones stood around me not expecting me to live. But the voice of the Lord spoke often to me. He said, "Your loved ones trusted in the arm of flesh, but you are trusting in the great physician." And again, "On Christ

the Rock [illegible] "sinking sand." Th[illegible] comfort to me. All day I had chills and burning fever but at night I broke out in a heavy sweat, and from that time I improved so, in one week I was up and doing my work.

For seven years Jesus has been my physician. I also trusted Him for my two children, they are both the picture of health. I have often said, if anyone had told me my life ahead I would not have believed it, and above everything else that I could have [illegible] healthy child. I am well, just the picture of health, weigh about 160 pounds.

O! the powed of God to change these diseased bodies of ours and make us whole in a moment by faith. HALLELUJAH! Praise *HIS* name! This reminds me of the coming of the Lord, when we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. O! the blessedness of *knowing* we *are ready* for that change.

TESTIMONY

OF

Dr. HAYES, SEC'Y FOR

Mrs. MARY E. GAINFORTH'S

Divine Healing.

I was nurse for Mrs. M[illegible], when her baby boy Ac[illegible] was five days old. I found her in a very weak condition, her medical attendant and I did our best for her, but she gradually grew weaker, and for days I fed her with a teaspoon. She was utterly unable to feed her self. The doctor said, "She had Consumption of the Bowels." She lost all control of her

One Saturday evening Mrs. Best, of Peterboro, came to see her. On Sunday morning at 10 3[illegible] the Christian and Missionary Alliance members were praying for her at Peterboro. And Mrs. Best, prayed for her here, at the same time. At 11 o'clock she walked out of her room all dressed. I was so surprised that I let the baby drop out of my arms, into my lap. For dinner that day she ate green beans and new potatoes. For days before she had had nothing but boiled milk and crackers to eat, per the physicins order as she was unable to keep any heavier food on her stomache. I put the baby to the breast for two weeks, but she had no

nurse, the last week she was unable have him try. I can truthfully say in the days time she had all the baby require In one week's time she did all her own work. Which she had been unable to do for 18 years. I can truthfully say nothing but the power of God could make such a change

I am with her to-day, and see her the picture of health, and it is 13 years ago since I saw her first healing."

Trenton, Ont. Canada. Oct. 22, 1910.

TESTIMONY.

Of Dr. Moran, to Mrs. Mary E. Gifforth's Divine healing.

I beg to submit the following statement in response to your request for it:

"You came under my professional notice about the year 1880 (Your father's family were known to me before then.) Have been called in frequently to attend yourself and family between 1880–1897. During this period you were very low with what I called and, other physicians, who were consulted regarding you, believed to be Pulmonary Consumption. You were wasted nearly to a skeleton, and certainly in a very greatly weakened physical condition. Your family history, as I understood

it, being very unfavorable, both your parents, four brothers, one sister and a foster sister, having died with consumption. You passed from my observation for a time, but when we met, a few years later, I was more than surprised to see you in such apparent good health, in which condition you still are.

Permit me to add that I do not pretend to account for the change in your condition. It simply surprised and pleased me, and set me thinking, and I am thinking still.

Yours very respectfully,

Dr. J. D. Moran

Picton, Canada, Sept. 28, 1910.

TESTIMONY

I was gloriously saved on Christmas night at revival services in the Methodist church. I could not see anything for awhile but a bright, light and the people seemed to shine like stars, and it seemed like fire that went all around my heart, and burnt such burning love for Christ that, I could truly say I was a new creature in Christ, born into the kingdom of God, and my name "*written in the Book of life*," at the age of fifteen years. And for twenty years I lived

Justified life. Was satisfied for a while, but when I lost so many of my loved ones and brought so many times at death's door, I felt the need of something more. My heart became a heart of mourning. A dear Friend Minister while telling my experience to her, said, "Mary, thee need a deeper work of grace in thy heart to enable thee to say the will of God be done, in removing thy loved ones from thee." And examining my heart I saw I could not say, "Thy will be done," in removing my loved ones from me. I went to my room and prayed to God for strength to say, "Thy will be done" from my heart. I felt if God did not remove that cloud of mourning from me I would go insane. The doctor told me I would. I was so weak in my body and mind. At this time I was sent to Wellington, at lake shore to see if the change would not help me, but the burden was more than I could bear. So there upon my knees I cried to God to remove my burden from me, and I would say, "Thy will be done," in removing all my loved ones from me. The burden went away and my heart could rejoice through my tears. In one hour I received a telegram, my 'mother was dying.' In a few hours I was sitting at her bedside. She asked me to pray with

her for the last time, I could pray and talk to her with such calmness of mind. And comfort my brother who was sick with consumption at the same time. God did raise me up above my burden. Praise His dear name! How my faith was tried God alone knows, when it came to give up my last child, I had to say, "Thy will be done." I prayed to God for strength to keep my promise in saying, "Thy will be done," in seeing my loved ones (except my husband) layed away in the grave. My husband was nearly crazy; so at this time I had to comfort him. I was in my bed for days, was so very weak in body, but God did help bear the burden.

In the death of my oldest son, Fred. He was out of his right mind, so he did not know any of us. I prayed to God to give him his right mind before he died; God did answer my prayer. He came to himself so he knew all of us, and began to sing, ("Jesus will give you rest.") Just as long as he could utter a word. When he was dying they would not let me stay in the room by him. I went to the stove and buried my face in my lap, I felt the presence of an Angel, he put one hand on my shoulder and said, "He was taken away from the evil to come." One word after another was given

me and it just seemed that I could see some great evil coming over this world; and he was safe in heaven. I could praise God he was safe. At this time some of them said, "He may yet revive up and live, it may be just the turn of the disease." I felt like telling them, no, I wanted him to die; I was on the point of saying so when the Spirit said, "Don't speak for they will think you are crazy." So I remained quiet. And from that hour I received the 'anointing that abideth." I *know* the Holy Ghost *sealed me then.* Praise His dear name! I could never mourn and weep after, for the 'abiding' kept me. I can truly say, for four years I was without a child I never could say I had one night of weeping. Oh, how often I used to wake up in the night and wet my pillow with tears for my family. Jesus alone can heal the broken in heart, bind up every wound.

I remember about three months after my son and my brother's deaths, just one week and three days between their deaths. My brother lived with us. Their rooms was locked up after their deaths, no one would enter them. I dreaded to enter their rooms, so one day I said, I *must* enter their rooms and pack up their clothes. I expected to have a day's weeping, as I ascended the

stairs to go to their rooms, it seemed just as an Angel accompanied me up the stairs. Such a holy presence seemed to fill my soul. I could hear some one whispering in my ears quoting such sweet passages of scripture. By the time I entered the room I could say, Praise the Lord! While I was packing up their clothes, I could say, Praise God! It seemed I could hear them singing on the other shore, it was the happiest day I ever spent. I was so weak in body I expected to be with them in a few weeks or months singing the songs of the redeemed with the blood-washed. Oh, how I longed to go Home to be with Jesus, and loved ones gone before. But Jesus led me out to trust Him for Body, Soul and Spirit. I can truly say, I am kept by the power of God day by day. I am saved, sanctified, and healed. And looking for the coming of my blessed Lord. March 1st 1904.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

1. One night while I was milking, the cow kicked me on the upper part of my limb. It hurt me so, I knew not what to do. So soon as I could concentrate my mind, I cried to the Lord to take away the pain. Within a very short time I was able to get

up and walk to the house.

Later, while nursing my baby on my lap I wondered that it did not hurt me. Next day, I looked, and there in my flesh was the whole print of the cow's foot, as black and blue as it could be, yet there was not the least bit of soreness in the limb. God had given me perfect deliverance. How I did praise Him when I saw what He had done for me.

II. At another time I was pouring boiling water into a cup, when my son steped between me and the light, I poured out too much, and it ran all over my hand and down between my fingers. I cried to God for help, and in a few moments all pain and soreness went away, and I was able to wash my dishes without my hand hurting me. To God be all the glory.

III. One day as I came out of my Aunt's house I slipped and fell, striking my back on the step; I thought I could never get up it hurt me so, but once again I appealed to the Lord. My friends helped me up, and I walked to my own house which was but a short distance away. Every step I took was untold agony. When I turned to go in my own home all pain left me. When I wakened in the night and turnd over, it seemed just a little sore across my back, but it

never hurt me anymore. When I would lean against a chair it would feel tender. I had my friends look at it and they said my back was all black and blue and if they had such a spot on their back they would be laid up. I never once went to remedies I just prayed to God. In every trial of life I find He is a Friend ever ready to prove Himself true if we will only trust Him with our whole heart.

IV. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" Phil 4:19.

Some years ago we had a baptismal service from my house. That day it rained so that farmers were prevented from coming in with their baskets of provisions but people come on the train and remained all night. After the convention was over I asked the lady who had helped me with the house work how much bread she had gotten from the bakers, she said, "None there was plenty of bread on hand without getting any." Then the Lord spoke to me and said, "Can't you believe I will supply your need?" I wept and praised God to think that He counted me worthy to multiply bread in my home. We counted the meals that had been given to be thrty-five. Off one-half of bread. I did not have a

great variety of food (I believe in plain tables.) We did not doubt but what God had multiplied the other food as well as the bread. He is the same Jesus yesterday, today, and for ever. Glory to His name.

V. I had convictions that God desired me to open my home in Trenton for public services but was not altogether sure of His will, and waited on the Lord to make it plain. At two different times I was out of wood and I asked God if He wanted me to do so to send money for wood. When the last stick had been put in the stove my little daughter came with a letter containing money which a friend not knowing anything of my need had felt led to send. God had laid it on her heart. Praise His dear name.

VI. When my two children were both small, people came to me to be anointed for healing. I had never seen anyone anointed. I wanted light. I wanted to witness an anointing service and had a special longing to see and hear Dr. A. B. Simpson pray over others. There was to be a Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Toronto and I longed to attend I prayed about it. Soon God sent a stranger to our door who was looking for work. We required a man so we hired him. I

told him one evening how God had healed me and how I would like to go to Toronto to a Convention. He said to my husband, "Why not let her go I will bring my daughter who is a real nurse girl to stay with the children and we can get along fine." Soon another man came to our home. He knew how my people had died with consumption and wondered how it was I looked so well. I told him God had heald me. He asked me where I got my light on healing. I said through Dr. Simpson of New York. Then he asked me if I had ever seen him. I replied no but he is to be in Toronto next week. Then he said, "Why dont you go and see him?" My husband replied, "I am not able to pay her fare this summer." Then th man said, "If you will let her go I will give two dollars on her fare." So my way was opened.

When I was in the tent there was an anointing service. There were about thirty who came to be anointed. A brother and sister went together to pray over them. There being a large congregation I could not see any way of getting near unless being rude or forward. My heart was sad for I wanted to hear Dr. Simpson pray over sick ones. Just then he beckond to me (a stranger) to come to his side. I shall never

forget it. When I got to him he asked me to unite with him in praying for those who were seeking healing. Again God had answered my prayer. The Dr. prayed that these devotees might be so filled with the Holy Spirit that the life of Jesus might flow into their bodies and flood out all disease. That Convention was a great help to me. I returned to my home with great joy in my heart and felt that I could better help others for the privilege of having been there.

I don't know what I would have done if it had not been for physicians before I had faith to trust Jesus. I do praise God for medical physicians. I can truly say I found Jesus to be the *best, greatest* and *surest* PHYSICIAN. Amen.

ACUTE INFLAMMATION.

I want to write my son AMMON'S experience for the Glory of God.

He was saved at the age of five years old. He had a habit of telling lies on his sister. One day he told a lie on her and caused her to get a whipping, I watched him through the looking-glass and saw him do the thing he said she did, for her to get

second whipping I had whipped him severely for telling lies on her, and it did not do him any good; I was so grieved, I prayed to God for help. He showed me he had to have a new heart, so I knelt down and prayed before him, for God to give him a new heart; he began to weep and pray to God to give him a new heart that would not tell lies. In a little while he got up off his knees, and said, "He had a new heart"

From that hour he has been a different child, his disposition has been changed. Many times I have found him on his knees when he would do any thing wrong asking God to keep him He has such a tender, loving nature now, before he was of such ugly disposition.

He has been healed different times. Two years in February, he was taken with severe pain in his side. I knew that Ammon had Acute Inflammation. The symptoms, the nostrils of his nose would pull out when he breathed. I knew the symptoms of the disease, but we did not have any doctor.

We prayed for him but could not get any hold on the Lord, I prayed for God to show the hindrance, I had to meet this condition. I would go wherever He wanted me to go. And Trenton came up before me, so I knew that God wanted me to move to Trenton,

so I could be of more use for Him. I promised to go, and the witness came to my heart that prayer was answered. All day he still suffered, all night he still grew worse, but God brought my husband where he could say he would go; and I put oil on the child's head in the name of Jesus, and he was *instantly healed*. Ammon, had such patients to bear his pain, he refused to have anything done for him; his Aunt asked him if he wanted a doctor? He said he "only wanted the Lord." When the pains was so hard he would say, "Pray for me."

Another time he was in great pain, lying in bed, I told him that God would not heal us in bed. So he got up and began to walk in the name of the Lord, with his hands on his side, praying for victory. In about fifteen minutes he got better; the pains would come again, he would go walking and praying to God for victory. His faith was tested, but he stood true to God, and got the victory in a few minutes. If he has any pains he will go right on his knees to God in prayer.

AMMON. GAINFORTH.
AND
FAITH. VIOLET. GAINFORTH

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my Jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.
Malachi 3:17.

CONVULSIONS.

We have had a great battle with the power of the devil over my child, FAITH VIOLET. In July 1904. She was taken sick with her Stomach and Bowels, and went into CONVULSIONS. We did not expect her to live. The neighbors sent for a doctor, and there was three doctors came in. I told them I would not give her one dose of medicine; then they wanted me to give her, Oil. I told them she never had taken one dose of oil in her life. One doctor used a syringe, but that was all they did, only they put ice around her so the convulsions would not be so hard, her temperature was 104 The doctors left the house, said, "It was all up with her." One doctor said, "She could not live two hours." I took the Bible and read James 5:14, 15, and anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord, in the presence of the doctors. I told them if it was God's will to take her, I was willing; but I would not give her one dose of medicine. About mid-night they all left the house but three; I told them that believe in healing, come and lay hands on the child and pray, and those that don't believe to leave the room. Two stayed by me with my husband; and we commenced

to pray for Faith, she was in a convulsion when we laid our hands on her. She had two fight ones after, then she fell into a sleep for couple of hours, then she awoke and seemed to be burning inward with fever; so we committed it to God, and she never had one after, only she drank often.

For two days she slept most of the time, her bowels run all the time. The third day she wanted something to eat, I gave her soup for that day, and the next day she walked down stairs in the strength of Jesus. One week from the day the doctors gave her up she was out on the streets playing.

When the doctors went home they left medicine with one woman for the child to take. One doctor called me. "D—n fool." And said, "To get me out of the room, and give the child medicine." Every one seemed to be against me. So I said to my husband, if you want to give the child medicine, give it to her. He said, "I dont want to go against your wishes." Then my son Ammon, said to his Pa, "Don't give her medicine, trust the Lord." Then my husband said to Ammon, "I will stand by you." Then we all began to pray, it was then we got the victory. July, 20th 1904.

Trenton, Ont. Canada. April 8th, 1911

FAITH VIOLET. CAINFORTH'S.

Latest Testimony of Healing through Faith in her Creator's Omnipotence

HEALED OF PNEUMONIA

I was eleven years old the 10th of January last, and have never taken a dose of medicine (to my knowledge) in my life, not even Oil, mother says she "always trusted my body to the Lord ever since I was born." That's the reason my name is Faith, she raised me thus far on Faith, and I hope to always trust Him, who has never failed in the past to answer our prayers.

Once I was healed of dreadful convulsions, I can just remember about it. And this past week I have been very sick again. I was taken in Church, (Zion Methodist,) with a dreadful pain in my head, and when I came out and got home, the pain got worse. When I'm sick I always like to have mother sing for me, some songs about Jesus, but this time I was too sick to listen, and could only cry with the pain, she prayed with me. I went to sleep for a few minutes then woke, and vomited, and a heavy fever came on. Mother said I talked delirious all night, and on Monday I was stupid, and slept nearly all day, with the same heavy fever. I vomited again,

and the very thought of taking food would make me sick to my stomach. On Tuesday father asked me if I wanted a Medical doctor. I told him No, but I wanted Dr. Zimmerman, from Toronto, (the Minister who prayed the prayer of faith for mamma when she was first healed) and then after he had prayed for me, and the Lord did not heal, he could call man M. D. and see what the disease was. So father phoned to Dr. Zimmerman to come down and pray with me. And in the meantime mother prayed, in the night about 12 o'clock I took with such pain in my right lung I could scarcely sleep, then it went to my left. And mother held her hand over my lung for two hours, and plead victory, through the Blood of Jesus. She plead in the name of Jesus, then I fell into a sleep till morning. Dr. Zimmerman came, and he said, "Faith has the victory! Faith has the victory! I got the witness before I left home, as I prayed for her, that she has the victory over the disease." From 2 o'clock in the night I had been better, but could not turn on my side, it hurt me so, and I just lay there on my back, until Dr. Zimmerman came and prayed over me obeying James 5:14, 15, then I could turn over and in an hour's time I was up and dressed.

Tuesday afternoon, I spit blood all the afternoon, then all Wednesday forenoon I would just give a hack and continued to spit it up in mouthfuls. I knew if God did not heal me it meant death, I told mother I was willing to die and ready to go if it was His will, that, I would not turn my back on the Lord who has done so much for me. And I praise Him because He has again healed me, and did not turn a deaf ear to our prayers.

I want to be a Missionary when I'm grown to be a woman, so I can help others to learn to trust Him too. If He spares me and wants me to serve in that way.

Father, he alway[illegible]es medicine when he gets sick, he has [illegible]ith to trust Jesus like Mother, Ammon (my brother) and I. Mother says the Medical Doctors are good and useful in their place, for those who have not learned to trust in the power of the Blood of Jesus to heal all their diseases.

On wednesday night after I was healed, I had been up part of the afternoon. When I got into bed and laid on my left side, the pain came back again. I just said the Lord has healed me, pains you have got to get out of my lungs. I just kept saying I am healed, and Devil you cannot put them back, Jesus has healed me. I kept resisting

in the name of the *Lord* and would not turn on my *back*, kept lying on my sore side. In a few minutes the pain went away, soreness left me. I slept good all night. Thursday I stayed up all day, did not feel sick, only weak. To God be all the glory.

I could not express the times God has healed me.

I can say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; Who healeth all my diseases." Ps 103·2,3.

One of His little ones.

Faith. Violet. Gainforth.

HIS WINGS.

It is his wings that heals our pains,
  Drives out Satan's poison sting,
Closer to his bosom we must press
  To feel his healing wings.

It is for those that fear his name,
  The healing power the Saviour brings,
Oh, let us hide with contrite hearts
  Beneath his healing wings.

BREATHE UPON US.

Breathe upon us Lord from heaven,
  Fill us with Holy Ghost,
Promise of our Father given,
  Send us now Pentecost.

CHORUS.

Breathe upon us, breathe upon us,
  With thy love our hearts inspire,
Breathe upon us, breathe upon us,
  Lord baptize us now with fire.

While spirits hovers over us,
  Open all our hearts we pray,
To thy image Lord restore us,
  Witness in our hearts to-day.

From all sin grant us exemption,
  Wash us in cleansing blood,
Let us know full redemption,
  Purchase for us by thy blood.

Lift us Lord, lift us higher,
  From carnal mind set free,
Fill us with refining fire,
  Give us perfect liberty.

Breathe thine own breath,
  Through all our mortal frame,
That resurrected life
  I take in Jesus' name.
Amidst all changes,
  Still abide the same.

THE INNER SIDE OF DIVINE HEALING.

BY MARY. E. GAINFORTH.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, *which is* your reasonable service.

Romans. 12: 1.

When we have presented our body to the Lord it is no longer our body, for we have passed it over to God. We must get out of disease then God will take disease out of us. There is a real point here.

One of the worst effects of sickness is to cling to the consciousness of it. The mind, the sense, is so occupied with it that we can lay hold of nothing else.

We live on our troubles, we eat them, we drink them, sleep on them, talk about them, and are colored by them, until they become more real to us than the Lord or the promise of His word. Now we must just get victory over this spiritual and mental condition. We must take God to deliver us from the shadow and consciousness of evil. We must recognize it as handed over to Him, and then we must ignore it, rise out of it, detach ourselves from it, and count it as if it were not, but something

we hav sloughed off as a serpent sheds its skin, as a tree drops its leaves, as if it were an old corpse we had just left to be buried while we rise to a higher plain.

It is possible thus by faith to rise out of ourselves, to refuse to be our own old self, and held down by the fetters and bonds of the flesh. "Woman thou art loosed from thine infirmity," is God's message to the sufferer. She is to detach herself from it and count it as something which is no longer hers but to repudiate it and put it away.

When we go out of our sickness, God will take the sickness out of us. The spiritual victory will lead to physical realization of deliverance. That which we have reckoned by faith will become real in fact. We enter into covenant with God, claiming the Christ life to be manifested in and through our mortal bodies. 2 Cor. 10:11. Looking forward to all known and unknown needs, claiming His strength for every passing moment.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Every morning let our first thought be a renewal of our covenant with God. Taking our health and strength from Him,

quietly stepping out into His will. "The Lord shall preserve our going out and our coming in." Keep your mind stayed on Him; keep the joy of the Lord in your heart, refuse to have any care, fret, or worry. All these are gap holes for Satan to work through. Live so close to Jesus that you will be within whispering distance, so you wont have to run and get on your knees to get into contact with the source of life but you will be living in the great fountain of life all the time. Just as a baby draws its nourishment from its mother so we draw our life from God, leaning on His breast, drawing our very life from Him.

"Breathe thine own life,
Through all our mortal frame,
That resurrection life,
I take in Jesus' name."

YESTERDAY TO-DAY, FOREVER.

Oh, how sweet the glorious message,
Simple faith may claim;
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus is the same.
Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame;
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest:
Glory to His name!

CHORUS.

Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus is the same.
All may change, but Jesus never!
Glory to His name.
Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
All may change, but Jesus never!
Glory to His name.

Oft on earth He healed the suff'rer,
By His mighty hand;
Still our sicknesses and sorrows,
Go at His command.
He who gave His healing virtue,
To a woman's touch;
To the faith that claims His fullness,
Still will give as much.

As of old He walked to Emmaus,
With them to abide;
So through all life's way He walketh,
Ever near our side.
Soon again we shall behold Him,
Hasten, Lord, the day!
But 'twill still be "this same Jesus,"
As He went away.

THE POWER OF THE DEVIL OVER THE BODY.

God has been laying it on my heart for weeks to write of some of the ways the Devil attacks our bodies.

When I first trusted God for my body; the enemy would bring such fear upon me, that finally I had the words of Isaiah "fear not," printed on the wall, so that I might look at them whenever Satan would attempt to throw this garment of fear, over me. At times I would feel as if my old diseases were upon me, and he would say, "You are not healed, you feel the old diseases don't you?" And the only way I got victory, was to look at those words "fear not," and to remember that all fear was of the enemy. Then I would sing,—

"I am redeemed, O praise the Lord;
Redeemed for evermore."

Then that fear would leave me for awhile, but only to return with double force. Again I would sing 'I am redeemed,' putting all my heart and soul into the words as I sung them.

I was several months getting complete victory, but at last I obtained it, for I had determined not to yield to the discouraging words of Satan.

The first time I went to church, after

my healing, the enemy seemed bound that I should not testify, I was so very weak that morning, that it was all I could do to get ready. We had about a mile to drive, and the jolting of the rig hurt me so. Satan would say, "Tell your husband to drive slowly." I knew if I told him, he would say, I had not been healed. When I reach my seat in the church there seemed to be a dozen voices whispering to me. I could scarcely hear what the minister said.

When the testimony meeting began, the Devil said, "Dont you testify, for you know you are not healed, you feel your old disease yet dont you? So if you testify to being healed, it will be a lie." I sat trembling, scarcely knowing what to say or do, babe was asleep on my knee, andI feared he would waken if I arose. At last I stood up, with my babe in my arms, and said, I knew it was only through the power of God that I was there. When I sat down the dynamite of God went all through me, and later when I drove home, it was without the least bit of pain.

The following Sunday my babe cried the whole morning, my husband said, "Surely you wont go to church with that sick child?" I replied, yes, but if he cries I will come home. He just screamed while I

was getting him ready. The Devil never left me for one moment, but did his utmost to detain me at home. As I walked toward the buggy I felt heart-sick, but as soon as I got into the rig the babe went to sleep, and he slept all through the service. I enjoyed the sermon and came home feeling real well.

The first washing I attempted to do, after my healing, Satan came to me and said, "You can't do that washing those heavy sheets. You have not washed the like for eighteen years, and then you feel tired this morning. You had better give it up for to-day." For a moment I looked to my-self, and just like Peter I began to sink, I cried to God and He touched my body again, I got up and did my washing in the strength of the Lord

The first time I churned the enemy seemed determined to defeat me, I had to stop and pray three different times. The Devil would say, "Call your husband, you are not able to churn." But praise God I got the victory, and Satan has never tempted me since on that line.

For years before I was healed I could never look up or stoop over, without getting blind. The first time I attempted to pick some green beans, after I was healed,

I got so I could not see them. Some people were present and I knew they were watching me, and would be ready to say, I had not been healed if I gave up and returned to the house. I prayed for victory over this blindness, and it passed away, I picked the beans, and have never had that trouble since.

Satan would usually attack me just before persons came to talk with me about healing. We must not talk about our feelings, but tell out what God has done, and our bad feelings and pains will all disappear.

For many years I had an afflicted arm. By times I was unable to feed myself. It pained me very much. If I would move my shoulder it would hurt me. It was quite a bit smaller than my other arm. I I never felt it after I was healed until one morning I was dressing, and then all that forenoon it continued to hurt me, the Devil said, "Your arm is bad again, tell the people in the house how it pains you." I told it to God alone. That day I met a man who wanted to talk with me about healing. He was a stranger, told me how God had healed his arm. Said he was a black-smith, and that he used to swing his hammer and testify to the people that God healed

him. But one morning he got up and found that the same old trouble was back on him, and that he had had it ever since. He said, "I wanted to talk with you, for I have heard you were healed of a similar trouble. I wanted to ask if you have ever felt it since?"

The Devil said, "Tell him you feel the pain just now, and that it has been bothering you since this morning." But I said to the man, I am healed, and if I ever feel any of the old trouble returning I recognize it as "Satan's bluff," and *refuse to tell my dearest friends*, I tell it to God alone, and hand it over to Him.

I have no power to fight against Satan, but I realize Jesus has conquered him for me, and I believe the words of the prophet when he says, "They shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee saith the Lord to deliver thee.

Mary. E. Gainforth.

HEALED OF MUMPS.

Trenton, Ont, Canada.
June, 16th 1911.

My daughter, Faith. Violet, was healed again. Last week of Mumps, her neck and face was swelled, her jaw was set, her throat sore. She was exposed at school. She told me just as soon as I came home, she had Mumps. I told her we would pray over them. we did; I anointed her. In the morning the Mumps were all gone. How delighted she was.

To God be all the glory.

Mary E. Gainforth.

OUR HEALER.

While on earth Christ freely healed
  Divers plagues and evils,
And delivered those possessed
  Of tormenting devils.
Devils trembled while he spoke,
  Oh, the wond'rous story,
And came out at his rebuke,
  GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

Oftimes they were driven out
  By the seven legions,
And commanded to depart
  To their native regions.
While those rescued from their sway,
  Oh. the wond'rous story,
Followed Jesus in the way,
  shouting GLORY, GLORY!

Blind and dumb and halt and lame,
All of every ailing,
Who to Jesus ever came
Proved his skill unfailing.
With a word the work was done,
Oh, the wond'rous story,
Jesus healed them every one,
GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

Dead and lost and blind and bound,
Sick with sore diseases,
Now I'm found alive and sound,
Saved and free in Jesus.
I can see and I can tell,
Oh, the wond'rous story,
Jesus has done all things well,
GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

Once a devil reigned in me,
Gloomy, dumb and doubting,
But when Jesus set me free,
Then I fell to shouting.
Now I'll make the heavens ring
With the wond'rous story,
I was dumb, but now I sing,
GLORY, GLORY, GLORY.

Christ, the Lord, is still the same,
Mighty to deliver,
And the virtue of his name
Is as great as ever.
Devils he can still expell,
Oh, the wond'rous story,
And the worst diseases heal,
GLORY, GLORY, GLORY!

THE END.